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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S HEIR YESTERDAY.



The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, with their little daughter, Lady Ursula Grosvenor, proceeding to the christening of the baby Earl Grosvenor, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, yesterday afternoon.



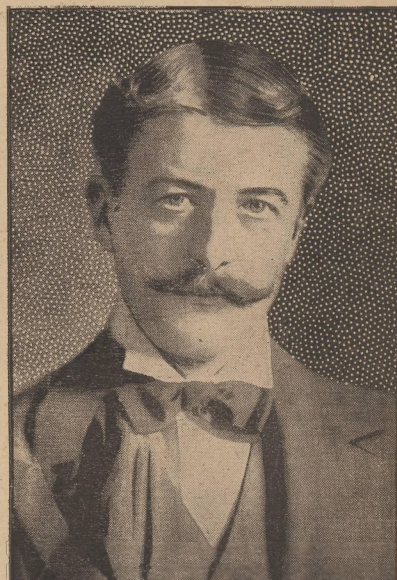
His Majesty the King, who stood sponsor for the Duke of Westminster's heir, the little Earl Grosvenor, arriving at the Chapel Royal, where the christening ceremony took place yesterday afternoon. The first name given was Edward, after his royal godfather. The little Earl is heir to the richest peer in England.



His Grace the Duke of Westminster, the father of the little Earl Grosvenor.—(Photograph by Russell and Son.)



The Duchess of Westminster with her first child, Lady Ursula Grosvenor.—(Photograph by Speaight.)



Right Hon. George Wyndham, M.P., who also stood sponsor for the Duke of Westminster's heir at the christening ceremony yesterday afternoon.

DESERTED WIFE.

Pathetic Story of a Youthful Irish Beauty.

TREATED LIKE A STRANGER.

One of the saddest experiences of those whose duties bring them to the Divorce Court day by day is to notice how one matrimonial tragedy develops from another. A suit for "restoration of conjugal rights" is almost invariably followed by a petition for divorce.

Some time ago a beautiful young Irishwoman belonging to the Hamilton family came and told the Court how, when her husband returned from the South African war, he refused to speak to her, and even repudiated her when she went to his club and begged him to treat her as a wife had a right to expect.

The Court on that occasion made the usual order in such cases that the husband should return to his wife.

Yesterday the same young lady, Mrs. Georgina Eglantine Marie Chaplin, once again paid a visit to the Divorce Court, this time to ask for a decree dissolving her marriage.

Major Defies the Court.

Her husband, Major Charles Slingsby Chaplin, counsel said, had not complied with the Court's order, and thus had "deserted" his wife in the eyes of the law.

He had also, this had been afterwards discovered—been unfaithful, and had lived with another lady, whom he had pretended was "Mrs. Chaplin."

The real Mrs. Chaplin was heavily veiled when she went into the witness-box, and was dressed in deep mourning. When she lifted her veil she showed a girlish face indeed, but a very sad one.

She mentioned the date of her wedding at Monaghan in 1893, her travels with her husband when his soldiering duties took him to Gibraltar and to India. Then she retold the strange story of his "treating her like a stranger" when he came back from the South African war, and of his refusal to make a home for her.

Another witness described a peculiar coincidence. When the order for restitution was made it became necessary to find out Major Chaplin's address to deliver it. After it was discovered that the Major was in London and not in India, as at first supposed, it was arranged that he should be watched and followed to wherever he might be staying. The man who watched followed him to a house in Ebury-street.

Inquiry there showed that the Major had stayed two nights with a lady, imagined by the people at the house to be Mrs. Chaplin. It was also found that Major Chaplin had lived with this same "Mrs. Chaplin" at an address in Eaton-terrace.

The decree nisi asked for was granted.

MONEY-LENDER SHOT.

Police Searching for Mysterious Visitor Who Left His Hat Behind.

Considerable sensation was caused in Surbiton last night by what appears to be a mysterious attempt at murder.

In a private house, known as Fernside, a firm of money-lenders—Messrs. Leslie and Company—carry on business.

About eight o'clock a man, described as well dressed, with a dark moustache and a club-foot, called at the house and asked to see a member of the firm.

He was ushered into one of the rooms, where Mr. Leslie was seated, and almost immediately a revolver-shot was heard.

Some of the household rushed into the room and found Mr. Leslie lying on the floor, suffering from a serious wound in the groin.

In the confusion which ensued the mysterious caller escaped from the house, leaving his hat behind him.

Medical aid was at once summoned, but Mr. Leslie lies in a precarious state.

The police are scouring the district for the missing man.

PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS.

Examined at Manchester Bankruptcy Court yesterday, Mr. Louis Crankshaw, a merchant and shipper, said he never gave his position a thought, and had amused himself with hunting, shooting, and fishing. He even had a fishery in Norway.

Family News

Fels-Naptha soap—half the labour of washing, and washes better in every respect.

Soaking takes the place of rubbing. Warm or cold water.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

HARD TO FORGIVE.

Wife Cannot Pardon Her Husband's Murderer.

Mrs. Emlyn Jones, widow of the man murdered at Bridgend Inn, Rhondda, by Eric Lange, was seen yesterday by the *Daily Mirror* respecting the letter written by Lange, who lies under sentence of death, appealing for her forgiveness.

Asked if she intended replying to Lange's letter, the widow said—

"What is the use of writing? How can I forgive him after that awful deed? No one knows what I have suffered. No one can ever realise it. I have been brought up a Christian, and have endeavoured to live a Christian life, but I cannot find it in my heart to forgive that man. Oh! I wish someone with me could have witnessed his callousness that never-to-be-forgotten night—pounding my poor husband on the floor when, if he had wished, he could have made his escape without using the knife."

"If he had struck in self-defence; if the fatality were the result of a quarrel, one could forgive, but—"

Mrs. Jones buried her face in her hands and sobbed piteously.

MISSING EMPEROR.

Sahara's Foreign Minister in Search of M. Lebaudy.

Where is M. Jacques Lebaudy, "Emperor of the Sahara"?

M. Baussey, his Minister for Foreign Affairs, would very much like to know, for his salary is desperately in arrears.

The "Emperor," however, cannot be found, and M. Baussey, who has been left at Las Palmas in charge of the navy—consisting of the yacht *Frasquita*—has received many complaints from him, but no money.

The *Frasquita* has now been sold, and the budding Empire is without navy, army, or any dignitaries save the Emperor Jacques I.

According to the "Matin," M. Lebaudy's latest freak is a threat of bombarding Cherbourg.

NEW COMIC OPERA.

Two Clever Performances by Miss Irving and Mr. Giddens.

What success was gained by "Ladyland" last night at the Avenue Theatre must be put down to Miss Ethel Irving and Mr. George Giddens.

The plot is nothing in particular. The dialogue is poor. The music makes little impression either way, except that it is disappointing to those who know what charming songs Mr. Frank Lambert can write.

"Ladyland" in itself is very much like fifty other productions of the same kind. Yet it has a good many attractions—Mr. Richard Green to sing ballads; Miss Geraldine Umar in the sort of Ada Reeve part without which no comic opera is complete; and Mr. George Giddens, who is funny enough to make a much worse piece go well. If the first half-hour were brightened up and the whole taken at a rattling pace there is no reason why it should not draw. Above all there is Miss Ethel Irving, whose burlesque melodrama must be seen to be appreciated. See pictures on page 7.

LENIENCY FOR BIGAMISTS.

Girl Twice Married, and Only Twenty Years of Age.

Two bigamists tried at the Old Bailey yesterday met with lenient treatment by the Judge.

Married at eighteen, Ellen Harriet Nye, a year later—in June, 1903—went for a holiday to Portsmouth, where she met a sailor named Barton. They met again this year, and went off together to Brighton, where they were married at a registry office. The girl, who sobbed bitterly, was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment by the Common Sergeant.

Recently William Boon surrendered himself to the Kensington police for bigamy. When he married a second time he had not seen his wife for many years, and told his second wife he did not know whether the first Mrs. Boon was alive or dead.

He was bound over to come up for judgment if called upon.

SAID "GOOD-BYE" AND DROPPED DEAD.

While bidding his sweetheart good-bye in Dukes-avenue, Muswell Hill, Reuben Seaman, a resident of New Southgate, suddenly fell dead.

At the inquest yesterday it was decided that death was due to heart disease.

At the King's Lynn fat stock show yesterday the King was the first and reserved prizes for fat beasts and three first prizes, including the open class for sheep.

DRAMATIC DEATH.

Frenchman Kills Himself in the Presence of Woman He Loves.

The inhabitants of Jersey have been startled by a dramatic suicide which has occurred in their midst.

In the middle of last month a French naval engineer named Vetel arrived at Jersey from Brest, accompanied by a lady named Querboul, said to be the wife of a French naval lieutenant.

Another couple was with them, and the quartette put up at a French hotel.

Mme. Querboul had 2,000 francs when she left Brest, which she entrusted to Vetel. All went well till Saturday, when Vetel told his companion that the money was all spent.

She then sold her jewellery for 400 francs, but insisted on retaining control of the money, which she placed in the keeping of the hotel proprietor. Vetel, however, threatened to shoot her if she did not give it up.

She then sought the protection of the hotel proprietor, who accompanied her to Vetel's room.

The latter was in a violent passion, and after exclaiming "She has exposed me!" shot himself in his right temple. On his person was found 400 francs, part of the 2,000 francs, and this the French Consul will retain until claimed by the woman's husband.

Vetel was only twenty years of age.

TRAGIC MOCK DUEL.

Youth Killed in a Playful Fight with Penknives.

In a peculiarly tragic manner, John Richardson, the son of a well-known farmer, living at Avenham Hall, Singleton, near Blackpool, has met his death.

He and one of the farmhands, a youth named Charles Hull, commenced sparring with one another in one of the barns. They had at the time been cutting cake tobacco for their pipes, and each held an open penknife in his hand. Richardson invited Hull to make a lunge at him, but failed to ward off the blow, with the result that he received a wound in the chest. After lingering for some weeks he has now died from the effects of his injury.

Both youths were the best of friends, and the mock duel had been fought in a perfectly good-natured spirit. After he was wounded Richardson said to his father, "Bob's stabbed me. Don't blame him, we were larking."

FUTILE FIGHT AGAINST SUICIDE.

Mother Tries to Find Security in Her Children's Society.

To her husband, a Greenwich waterman, the following pathetic letter was addressed by Florence Shownell before taking a fatal dose of spirits of salts:—

Dear Fred,—I have struggled hard against this all day, but everyone is against me. . . . I do wish I could be as hard to others as they have been to me.

Your people will be glad to hear of this. You know I have not got a friend in the world. I do not wish to blame you, for you have been a good husband to me, but, as you know, it is my brother who has brought me down after keeping him for thirteen weeks. . . . Good-bye for ever.—Your loving wife, FLO. Cheer up all you can. I kept three of the children away from school to try and pass it off, but I could not. Be good to them for my sake. God have mercy upon my poor head.

A verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity was returned at the inquest yesterday, the husband stating that his wife had evidently not paid the rent, but had lent the money to her brother.

ERRING WIFE'S APPEAL.

It was a letter received from his wife in January, 1903, which led Sergeant George John Hinton, of the Royal Field Artillery, to petition for the divorce decree which Sir Francis Jeune yesterday granted. Mrs. Hinton confessed to misconduct, and added, "I must tell you, as the secret is killing me. God knows I was true to you till he crossed my path. Don't take my Georgie (her son) from me. If you do I shall not care whether I live or die."

In granting the decree the president gave the grandmother the custody of the child.

GAGGED AND BOUND.

The powerfully-built man, Arthur Mason, who is alleged to have waylaid and robbed Arthur Sergeant, a labourer, in a lane near Bromley, was yesterday committed for trial at the Maidstone Assizes.

Sergeant was found lying gagged and bound in a ditch underneath a hedge, and had apparently been unconscious for more than an hour.

MR. HOOLEY IN TEARS

Surprising Incident at the Financier's Trial.

PAINFUL RECOLLECTIONS.

There was a pathetic scene during the Hooley-Lawson trial at the Old Bailey yesterday. Mr. Hooley—the imperturbable, calm, self-controlled Mr. Hooley—broke down in the witness-box, and was for some time speechless with tears and emotion.

If the Judge had wept, if the Solicitor-General had sobbed, the Court could not have been more surprised and affected.

The breakdown was all the more surprising from the fact that earlier in the day Mr. Hooley had described himself as "game as a linnet"—even when he lost £50,000 at one fell swoop.

The Solicitor-General, going on with his cross-examination of Mr. Hooley when the Court resumed, discussed with the witness a transaction in which it appeared that the latter had not fathomed certain operations conducted by Mr. Lawson.

Then what you wish the jury to understand is that you were actually deceived by Lawson," asked the Solicitor-General.

Mr. Hooley (sadly): Well, on the face of it I must have been deceived.

A company promotion by Lawson and a dinner at the Hotel Cecil were then put by Sir Edward Carson before Mr. Hooley's attention. Was it not strange, counsel asked, that while on one hand it was stated that £100,000 capital had been subscribed, on the other hand Mr. Lawson had renewed bills to Mr. Hooley a day or two before?

Mr. Hooley (genuinely): Oh, no. I know Lawson better than you do. (Loud laughter.) The Solicitor-General: I do not doubt that.

(Loud laughter.) Mr. Hooley: He was always likely to renew bills, if he could, rather than pay. (Loud laughter.)

Dealings in Live Stock.

Mention was next made of a Mr. Bradshaw, with whom Mr. Hooley had had dealings in shares and live stock—the live stock came into the business because Mr. Bradshaw's Cambridgeshire farm was next to Mrs. Hooley's Cambridgeshire estate. Mr. Hooley's face at once lighted up, for he had a pleasant recollection, which he at once gave to the Court, of enabling Mr. Bradshaw to make £50,000 as recently as last December.

"He is now enjoying himself by going about the world spending the money," added Mr. Hooley.

After this Mr. Paine's affairs were once more referred to. "He would have got all his money back in two or three months if he had not sent me one afternoon a nasty telephone message," was Mr. Hooley's comment.

The first indication that the great financier was in danger of losing his linnet-like gameness came when the Solicitor-General asked him about certain dealings with Sir Wilfrid Lawson's son.

Overcome by Emotion.

"This is the most serious charge made against me," Mr. Hooley said with a tremor in his voice, "and after being in the dock over thirty days I feel it."

When Mr. Rufus Isaacs, in re-examination, put some questions about Mr. Hooley's bankruptcy Mr. Hooley's eyes filled with tears. As he pronounced the words: "I had not even a bed to lie on. They took every penny my wife or I possessed" sobs began to choke his utterance.

For several moments he was unable to speak. He put his hands to his eyes and dashed away the tears.

Shortly afterwards his ordeal in the witness-box finished, and he returned to the side of Mr. Lawson in the dock.

For the sixteenth time the case was adjourned.

SIR WILLIAM GRANTHAM'S CRITICS.

The Wycombe Board of Guardians condemn Sir William Grantham's methods of carrying on his cheap cottage campaign.

Instead of disregarding the Chailey District Council's building by-laws, they think he ought to have sought his remedy in securing the amendment of those by-laws.

If you Suffer—

from any disease arising from impurities in the Blood, such as Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Blood Poison, Boils, Pimples, Rheumatism, Gout, &c., you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer. It is warranted to purify the blood from all impure matter from whatever cause arising. Thousands of testimonials from all parts of the world. Of all chemists and stores. Ask for

Clarke's Blood Mixture

The World-Famed Blood Purifier
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

NEWS IN BRIEF FROM ALL PARTS.

The King held a Council at Buckingham Palace yesterday to further prorogue Parliament.

There are, the Postmaster-General complains, thirty-four Warwick roads or streets in London.

At Southend-on-Sea is to be seen a cake weighing over two tons, and of a total height of thirteen feet.

WHEEL OF WOE.

To slowly revolve in a gigantic wheel is no longer the crowning delight of an excursionist's day at the seaside.

At a meeting of the Blackpool Wheel Company, the chairman reported bad trade, and consequent inability to pay a dividend.

LOOPING THE LOOP VICTIM.

It is stated that the Miss Madeline who was injured at Sunderland in a "looping the loop" accident at a music-hall and has been lying at the hospital ever since, is slightly better.

The doctors are now not without hope of her ultimate recovery.

"CONVERTED BURGLAR."

Alfred Shepherd, a "converted burglar," will give a mission at the Salvation Army's headquarters in the Blackfriars-road this week-end.

Shepherd claims to have spent thirty-seven years and ten months in gaol, and he will appear on the platform in his prison garb.

FATALITY IN DOVER TRENCHES.

The arrival of a new regiment at Dover is frequently signalled by a fatality in the trenches.

The 1st Battalion of the Buffs arrived on Friday, and on Saturday night one of their number, returning late to barracks, fell into a trench and broke his collar-bone. He died yesterday morning.

SEQUEL TO CHURCH.

"I went to church with only a shilling for the collection, and when I came out I felt so unhappy I had some hot rum."

This excuse failed to avail Seymour Scott, a smartly-dressed woman, at Southwark Police Court yesterday, and she was fined 5s. for disorderly conduct.

MANUAL TRAMS.

Owing to an interruption in the electric current, Cityward trams had to be pushed by the drivers and conductors 150 yards in London-road, Southwark, yesterday morning, when crowds of business men were travelling to Waterloo and Blackfriars.

Many hundreds of passengers got off and walked to their destination.

BECK CASE RESULT.

It is reported that the extension of powers over the rulings of Judges in criminal cases, recommended by the Beck Committee, is receiving the attention of the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice.

During next session a short Bill on the subject may probably be introduced by the Government.

SALE OF "CATNACHS."

In a Marylebone sale-room yesterday a collection of crudely-illustrated "Last Day Speech and Confession" literature, turned out between seventy and eighty years ago by the press of the famous James Catnach, in Seven Dials, was disposed of for thirty shillings.

The broadsheets mostly referred to executed murderers.

DOCKYARD REDUCTIONS.

No new men are to be taken on at the royal dockyards, by order of the Admiralty.

Even in the case of apprentices coming out of their time a corresponding number of hired men are to be discharged.

Moreover, the natural wastage by deaths and retirement is not for the present to be made good.

LONDONERS NOT EFFETE.

A committee of the County Council has been considering whether the population of the County of London has been deteriorating physically in recent years.

In the report the committee says that the various opinions do not support the belief that there is any general progressive physical deterioration in the nation.

DESECRATION OF GRAVES.

The Metropolitan Police at Barnet are investigating a series of dastardly offences committed during the past week in Christ Church burial-ground.

The delinquents paid a visit to the cemetery, and removed from a large number of graves shrubs and hardy plants. No arrests have as yet been made.

BISHOP'S STRANGE BELIEFS.

Bishop Thornton, addressing a great gathering of men at Blackburn Parish Church on "Lessons from the Zoo," caused amusement by asking if any gentleman in the congregation could deny that the ape bore a wonderful general likeness to himself.

He believed animals had souls as well as bodies, because the soul was represented many times in the Bible as something shared by man and the lower animals. "The difference lay in the spirit."

H.M. gunboat Thrush has arrived at Sheerness from Scotland, and will be withdrawn from effective service.

Mr. H. W. Newton has been adopted as the Conservative candidate for the Harwich Division of Essex at the next election.

Despite the inclement weather, over thirty thousand persons attended the nineteen National Sunday League concerts in the metropolis last Sunday evening.

In the month of November 22,859 tons of fish were delivered at Billingsgate Market, and of this only fifty-six tons were seized and condemned as unfit for human food.

ESPERANTO ADDRESSES.

"Esperanto" has added a new terror to the life of the Post Office sorter.

Esperantists have taken to addressing their correspondence in this shibboleth, and the authorities have proved indulgent, although it is not yet an officially recognised language.

The Celtic movement has become lately so pronounced that a sorter with a knowledge of the language used by the advanced Irish party has been added to the mail trains between London and Holyhead.

CONSTABLE WITHOUT A SMILE.

Before Mr. Plowden a constable charged a man with loud laughter in Ladbroke-grove with a young woman.

Mr. Plowden: Why should they not laugh? The Constable: It was 1.30 in the morning, in a respectable neighbourhood.

Mr. Plowden: Then can you alter the character of a neighbourhood by laughter? Do you never laugh—or are you a constable without a smile?

In discharging the prisoner Mr. Plowden said, "Laugh as long as you can in this world."

READY FOR MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Good progress is being made with the arrangements for the meeting which Mr. Chamberlain is to address at Gainsborough in February next.

The gathering is to be held in an immense building known as the New Machinery Hall, which has just been erected by Messrs. Marshall, Sons, and Co., Limited, engineers, whose works are in the Trent-side town.

The visit is due entirely to the prospective Unionist candidate for the Gainsborough Division, Mr. C. Algernon Moring, the mining expert.

SO MUCH FOR SO LITTLE.

In the annual report of the Poplar Borough Council the town clerk draws attention to the costliness of law.

In the appeals of the East London Water Company against the valuation lists the total cost of the borough was £1,900 8s. 4d., and the net result a reduction of £79 in a total rateable value of £7,117.

He adds that it is a matter for regret that for so slight a reduction the borough should have had to incur such a large expenditure.

"THE COUNTESS'S KINDNESS."

The Countess of Carlisle has, as a councillor, led the opposition at Malton against Christmas beer being allowed at the workhouse.

A cask of ale was offered by a local firm of brewers to the Countess promised to provide teetotal cheer.

The chairman asked the Board of Guardians "not to throw the Countess's kindness in her face," and, by seventeen votes to fifteen, Malton paupers will have a teetotal Christmas.

DOCKS ON MUD FLATS.

In the next session of Parliament a Bill will be presented to carry out a huge scheme of dock construction at Harwich.

The total cost is estimated at £2,500,000, and will cover 250 acres of mud flats, of which 100 will be water space.

It is anticipated that ships unloading at Harwich can get their cargoes on the London market half a day earlier than if they came to the Thames.

FEATS OF BELL-RINGING.

An attempt is to be made at South Wigston, near Leicester, to establish a world's record in bell-ringing.

On December 27 eight members of the Midland Counties Association of Bell-ringers will endeavour to ring a peal of 21,024 Double Norwich Court Bob, which, to be successful, will necessitate the men ringing for twelve or thirteen hours without any intermission whatever.

BIRMINGHAM'S CHAIR OF MUSIC.

Sir Edward Elgar has accepted the invitation of the Council of Birmingham University to become the first Professor of Music of the University.

Mr. Richard Peyton offered to contribute £10,000 for the endowment of such a chair, the only condition being that it should in the first instance be accepted by Sir Edward Elgar.

BEACONSFIELD CENTENARY.

To celebrate the centenary of Lord Beaconsfield the Primrose League propose to hold a demonstration at Sheffield on December 23.

The Prime Minister has extended to the meeting his patronage.

Birmingham tramways are to be developed at an expenditure of £1,000,000.

Outdoor relief is expected to reach £1,000 next week at Poplar.

By the derailment of a goods train yesterday morning's passenger trains from Southend were delayed an hour.

LORD HASTINGS'S ESTATE.

Lord Hastings, of Melton Constable Hall, Morpeth, and Seaton Delaval Hall, Northumberland, who died last September, left property of the total value of £465,953, including net personality £58,950.

BIRDS' NESTING-BOXES.

Nesting-boxes for birds are being made at Ballycastle, Co. Antrim, as a village industry.

Winter is the best time to place the boxes in a garden as birds are shy of new structures, and must be allowed plenty of time to view their premises before they will enter into occupation.

HENLEY'S DECLINING FAVOUR.

At the annual general meeting of the Stewards of Henley Regatta a disquieting statement as to finances was disclosed.

The reserve fund in Consols of £1,100 has had to be sold out, and the balance carried forward is only £128 15s. 4d.

Next year's regatta was fixed for July 4, 5, and 6.

HOSPITAL'S CANINE PATIENT.

Among the patients treated at the General Hospital, Birmingham, is a pup, brought to the hospital with a broken leg.

The dog's name and address, and age are duly entered in the out-patient book, where it is recorded that Bogey McGuire, aged seven months, of 82, George-street, was treated at the hospital.

RAILWAY PLATFORM TICKETS.

At the new Paragon Station at Hull opened this week the North-Eastern Company have adopted the Continental custom of closing the platforms to persons without a ticket.

Heretofore Hull Station has been a popular promenade, especially on Sunday nights, but now all must purchase a penny ticket before admission.

SELFISH SPORTING RIGHTS.

In view of the reluctance of landowners to assist the Government in securing a wide manœuvre area on the South Downs, a meeting of the Army League and Imperial Defence Association has been held at Hove.

Resolutions were passed denouncing those who put sporting rights before the defence of the Empire.

FLANNELETTE DANGERS.

"Flannelette has a much readier sale than safe, non-inflammable material," said Coroner Westcott, at an inquest on a Hackney-road child accidentally burnt to death, "because it is a penny a yard cheaper."

The Government has asked coroners to send complete statistics as to the clothing worn by children burnt to death.

CLERICAL MAYOR'S RECORD.

The Rev. A. W. Jephson, L.C.C., Mayor of Southwark, claims to have been the means of joining in matrimony a larger number of couples than any other living clergyman.

He has married over 8,000 couples, and, watching the career of many of them, he states that where the marriage had proved a failure in 90 per cent. of the cases it is due to drink.

FORCED RHUBARB ON SALE.

Forced rhubarb of the Elford variety is to be seen on sale.

This kind, which is one of the earliest, does not lose the scarlet hue of its skin by being forced in strong heat.

Thus the look of the Elford catches the eye of the customer, who might not care to purchase rhubarb of a pale hue.

COOKING WITHOUT A MEAL.

"There are times when a child in learning cookery cooks a meal, and then goes home, to return to school without itself having been fed."

This statement is made by Mr. J. R. Diggle, chairman of the London Schools Dining Association, in an appeal for help to enable the organisation to carry on its useful work.

Contributions may be sent to Lord Kinnaird, the treasurer, 1, Pall-mall East, S.W.

PIANO ON HIRE SYSTEM.

In connection with the recent adjourned case at West London Police Court, in which Oetzmann and Co., High-street, Kensington, were summoned by a lady customer for detaining a piano she had had on the hire system, the firm writes to make an explanation.

They point out that it was the plaintiff, being under the impression that the action of the piano only was in their possession, who wrote to say that they had the oyster. Taking up her simile, they replied, "We also hold the shell."

"We have all along," the firm adds, "given the plaintiff to understand that the piano would be returned immediately the balance were paid."

ALIEN PEST.

Volume of Immigration Increasing Day by Day.

The stream of alien immigrants grows in volume day by day.

In the pouring rain 300 wretched-looking Poles, Russians, and German Jews were discharged into the St. Katherine Dock from the steamships Ophelia (Hamburg) and Adler (Bremen) yesterday afternoon; a crowd of shabby, shivering, unkempt compatriots, drenched to the skin, awaiting their arrival at the dock stairs and escorting them to the Jewish shelter and neighbouring "Josthouses."

From an early hour in the morning the Jewish shelter was literally besieged by hundreds of clamorous foreigners, who sought the shelter of its friendly roof.

"There is not the slightest doubt that the presence of the alien intensifies competition," said an authority on alien immigration to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"Walk about the streets of Shoreditch, and you will find aliens wheeling hand-carts containing furniture which they have made, and which they sell to dealers or upholsterers to be made up at very low figures indeed."

"For example, the alien will make an article for £1 and sell it for a profit of a very few shillings. Precisely the same thing is going on in the boot-making trade."

"I personally investigated a case not very long ago where several Englishmen were discharged in batches by their employer, their places being filled by aliens, who certainly went at lower wages."

"In many cases, of course, the employer cannot help himself. Prices are cut, and round about the process is certainly aggravated by the presence of the alien workman."

"There is no question that the Jewish community have been trying for many years to disseminate the aliens, so that the full pressure shall not fall upon Stepney, but I do not think the results have been very successful."

At the Old Bailey yesterday a couple of aliens, respectively named Martin Dotzner and Carl Petersen, were sentenced in nine months' hard labour each for fraud and theft.

The prisoners, who have been in England only four months and had done no honest work, undertook to get situations on board steamers for two of their fellow-countrymen.

They obtained their watches and money as security, and promised to take their luggage on board the steamer.

True to their word, they called for the luggage, and then disappeared with it.

THE CITY.

Depression in Americans Causes General Set-back—Consols at 88 —Scottish Rails Bought.

CABLE COURT, Monday Evening.—The Stock Exchange was concerned with the mining carry-over to-day. It was a mere farce in the West Australian market, the whole of the details being arranged in about a quarter of an hour. It was a rather heavy carry-over in Kafirs and Egyptians, with stiff rates ruling. The excellent Rand output for November put the market in a good humour to start with, and there was talk also of a £1,000,000 syndicate being formed in Paris to buy South African. The market then was good at the outset, but fell back to some extent later on slackness of fresh business and the depression of Americans. Wankie coal shares were 1½ up on a contract being concluded to supply the Rhodesian Railways. In West Australians there was nothing to notice. Egyptians followed the course of Kafirs, Nile railways being dull. They touched 4s. and closed 3½. West Africans were inclined to improve for the new account, but Ashanti Goldfields were dull at 88½. But there was a good deal of talk about the banks charging stiffly for Stock Exchange loans, and the Natal new issue did not find so much favour in the market, and so the market was not so good. Consols dropped back again to 88.

The Brighton traffic decrease of £800 was not exactly encouraging, and did not help the Southern stocks. The Brighton traffic decrease of £800 was not exactly encouraging, and did not help the Southern stocks. The Brighton traffic decrease of £800 was not exactly encouraging, and did not help the Southern stocks.

Americans started as though they meant business. There were stories about shortage of stock here. Norfolk, Southern Pacifics, and Missouris were the things most fancied. But a lot of realisations came to market and knocked prices down, and then there was a story spread that Mr. Lawson, the Boston mountebank gambler, and hence, those who knew anything about the situation know that the Lawson circulars were merely a happy coincidence, but it seemed to scare some of the weaklings here.

Argentine Rails Dull.

Canadian Pacifics followed Americans. The traffic increase was \$3,000,000. There was quite a respectable lift for Grand Trunks, though even here at the finish there was a little set-back. Argentine Rains are somewhat dull, in spite of good crop talk. But at the Inter-oceanic meeting the chairman was able to say that there was good hope that the present negotiations would result in another pooling arrangement among the various Mexican railways. And so Mexican Centrals were bought, and the "B" bonds were firm at 64. In fact, all the American group was pretty good.

In the Foreign market the tone was not bad until the American cloud grew in the afternoon. The weak bonds, both Japanese and Russian, were put better. Copper shares were given a good start under Rio Tinto, because the metal rose, but there was a set-back when the American market fell.

There seemed to be a good deal of buying of Hudson's Bays again, and the stock is kept firm. The Gas Exhibition at Earl's Court has helped all the gas companies. Meat has been quiet, but quite so good as yesterday. The market was talking of a poor dividend on London and India Docks, and as a result Dock stocks were inclined to fall back. Anglo-American Telegraphs were lower.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business
Offices of the *Daily Mirror*,
2 CARMELITE-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1904.

A PLEA FOR MODERATION.

AS usual, there is much discussion going on in these December days upon the desirability of giving inmates of workhouses beer with their Christmas dinners.

The idea is to let the unfortunate old people, who are ending their days as the nation's unwilling guests, enjoy themselves on the high festival day of the year a little more than usual. With this object in view, it has been the custom to let them drink a glass or two of beer. Numbers of boards of guardians, however, are now giving up this practice in view of the outcry against it raised by teetotalers.

While we give the protesters credit for the best motives, we cannot say we have much sympathy with their protest. Of course, anybody who thinks that alcohol is poison, or that it is a sin to drink a glass of beer, is bound to denounce such a practice. But even then there seems no reason to add to the discomfort of the poor things deprived of their Christmas cordial by offering them "temperance drinks," as the *Malton Guardians* intend to do at the instigation of Lady Carlisle. If there is anything better calculated than a "temperance drink" to dissuade people from total abstinence, we have yet to come across it.

For a long time past this drink question has been becoming more and more difficult. Anyone who has the courage to advocate temperance (as opposed to teetotalism) is howled at as an enemy to Mankind, a devil's advocate, a brewer in disguise. Yet the fact remains that eight out of every ten people are not teetotalers, and never will be. Surely it is time for moderate men to let their voices be heard.

On such a point as this, of workhouse beer, their weight would, we imagine, be put into the scale against the teetotal view. The argument that by offering a man one glass of beer you encourage another to drink twenty is too tired a dog. Apply the same reasoning all round, and its absurdity is made evident at once.

Excessive drinking causes an enormous amount of suffering and sin. The remedy for that ought to be found in temperance. A few there are who cannot be temperate. They should certainly abstain. So should those who associate closely with them. But this everlasting outcry against "Drink" has grown tiresome. It is out of harmony with the facts.

CHURCH AND STAGE.

It is not often that a clergyman talks such nonsense as the Rev. Forbes Phillips has been talking about Church and Stage. There is a certain class of mind which cannot admit that two things, each good in its way, are best kept separate. Evidently Mr. Phillips has a mind of this class.

The less the Church and the Stage interfere with one another the better. The Stage would want to make religion theatrical. The Church would want to make plays pious. Results would be disastrous to the best interests of both.

There could be no stronger confirmation of this view than the feeble attempts at drama which clerical playwrights generally produce. Mr. Phillips talks about the theatre being a great influence for good. It might be, we quite admit. But to say that it is at present merely betrays abyssal ignorance of to-day's theatrical conditions.

Most plays are simply honest, clean, straightforward entertainments. They have no more "influence" than a plum-cake or an apple-pie. The few which do leave any impression on the mind usually leave a bad impression. Their influence is not for good, but for evil. We deplore this fact as much as anyone can, but we must not consent to burke it for the sake of pleasing any egregious clergyman.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The perfect man is the man who has all his desires and passions under due control.—*Dr. Bernard Holland.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE unanimity with which the gossips of the great political clubs now prophesy a general election in March next is little short of extraordinary. Two months ago opinion was very sharply divided as to whether the election would come some time next year or in the year after. On the whole, 1906 was the favourite. Now, however, politicians of all sorts and sizes are convinced the whole thing has been arranged

to take place in a few months' time. "The Budget will see the end of the present Government," say the Tapers. "Quite right," the Tadpoles answer, "the whole thing has been settled, and the election will come on the tariff question at the end of March or the beginning of April."

It is difficult to find any definite reason for this very definite statement, but generally the opinion

seems to be that there will be a big Budget deficit. Then, it is said, Mr. Austen Chamberlain will propose new taxes of a protective character; Mr. Balfour will assent to them because they are for revenue purposes; the Unionist free-traders will join hands with the Liberals and defeat the Government; and that the Liberals will come back to office, leaving Mr. Balfour free to go away for a long trip for the benefit of his health. For whatever it is worth, this may be held to summarise the opinion of the principal political clubs to-day.

Lord and Lady Aylesford, whose daughter, Lady Violet Finch, is to be married to-morrow, are amongst the members of our peerage who go in most enthusiastically for sport. Their beautiful country home, Packington Hall, near Shakespeare's Forest of Arden, is crammed full of valuable sporting relics—old prints, rare specimens of bird and beast, which form quite a private museum. Lady Aylesford, who is Lady Aylesford's second wife, is devoted to dogs, and of crows, especially, she is the best judge in England. So far does her devotion go that she is often to be seen "judging," the most tedious duty of a show.

There could be no better authority on "the thing" in sporting affairs than Lord Aylesford. His shooting clothes are famous, and they are perfect. He is an excellent shot, a good billiard-player, and is a very popular and cheerful companion. He is well over six feet high, and he goes by the familiar name of "Charlie" amongst his friends. Everybody will wish his daughter a happy married life for his as well as for her own sake.

Last night Mr. Van Bieue, the actor-musician, gave at the Peckham Theatre the 3,281st performance (this is not a misprint!) of his famous play, "The Broken Melody." He was aesthetically received as ever, and is about to carry his record up to a four-thousandth performance by a tour in Australia. Mr. Van Bieue well deserves this immense success, but he has not achieved it without a struggle. There was a time when he used to stand in little streets off what Mr. Stephen Phillips calls the "orchestral" Strand, and play his belated 'cello to that orchestra's accompaniment.

Then came an engagement, very small and badly paid, in an orchestra in London. "The Broken Melody" itself, however, was what really made his fortune, and he has played it before all sorts and conditions of audiences. Some of these he has found rather trying. In a Welsh town once he was interrupted by the cries of unappreciative babies belonging to the colliers' wives in the pit and gallery. Mr. Van Bieue sent out for a dozen or so of rubber "babies' comforters," and these were distributed gravely to the babies of the audience, who rewarded the actor by silence.

Mrs. Howard Gould, wife of the American millionaire son of Jay Gould, is having a legal dispute over a portrait of herself, painted by Mr. H. J. Thaddeus. She refuses to accept the portrait or pay the £1,000 which the painter asks for it. Mr. Howard Gould is the fourth son of the late Jay Gould, and Mrs. Gould was an actress, a Miss Clemmons. Before her marriage she had a considerable reputation as a player of great personal beauty and some dramatic power. In appearance she is very unlike her husband, whom she married six years ago, for, while she is tall, fair, and stately, he is short, dark, and vivacious.

There seems to be a fate connecting the Goulds and the stage. Jay Gould, who was a man of many eccentricities, had a strong dislike to the stage, yet his eldest son, George Gould, married an actress, Miss Edith Kingdon. Stony-hearted as he tried to be, the father could not withstand her fascinations, and the romance ended happily. Shortly after this, however, Miss Anna Gould became engaged to a young actor, but the family's objection was so strong that the young people parted.

Howard Gould was the next to yield to the fascinations of the stage, but in the meantime the father had died, leaving a special clause in his will, stipulating that his unmarried children should forfeit a large share of their income should they marry against the consent of the eldest son. At one time it looked as though Howard Gould would pay this forfeit, generally supposed to be about a million pounds, but a family meeting being called, consent was granted. In the meantime the American Press had been very busy with Miss Clemmons's name, and she sued for libel; Buffalo Bill, who had financed her theatrically, being one of the principal witnesses.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

DECEMBER 13.—For eight months out of the twelve most gardens are bright with flowers. When this is realised we shall understand the enormous amount of plant-food taken yearly from the soil. This food must be replaced if we want healthy plants.

Many gardeners cannot obtain manure, but there are several other ways of improving the soil. If a bed is dug and left rough all the winter, air, rain, and frost will invigorate the soil. Leaf mould, decayed vegetation, soot, woodashes, all these, if dug in the borders now, will do a great amount of good.

Artificial manures are, of course, invaluable.

E. F. T.

LAST NIGHT'S NEW COMIC OPERA.



In "Ladyland," at the Avenue Theatre, Miss Ethel Irving and Mr. George Giddens both shine brightly. Mr. Austin Melford, Mr. Richard Green, and Mr. John Treshar are also in the cast. (See page 5.)

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Dean of Westminster.

HE really has quite a way of rousing excitement. He started some time ago by saying that he only looked upon the Athanasian creed as a fine old war-song, not a profession of belief.

Then he made his celebrated remarks about miracles. Now he has been continuing them, and declaring that Bible criticism is a science apart, and that criticism should be encouraged to come from within the Church, not from without.

He is very conveniently placed for saying such things. He has no superior in the Church to question his remarks. No bishop can call him over the coals.

Directly you look at the man you can see he is not the person to be bound by conventional lines of thought. He must think for himself. The high forehead, the pale, thin face, with well-marked cheek bones, firm, almost hard, mouth, and dreamy eyes, are those of a man whose brain is ever working. As he walks through the dim Abbey, wearing his long cassock, his tall, thin, stooping figure, with the hands clasped behind him, looks like some reincarnation of a past Churchman. And he loves the Abbey, too, and knows almost every stone of it. He has studied it for years.

But he is not an austere man, in spite of his looks. There is often a decided twinkle in the quiet eyes, and the firm mouth breaks into a fascinating smile. He is a practical person, too. He rates the comfort of the patients in the Westminster Hospital higher than the possession of a peal of Abbey bells. One peal so near them is enough, he says.

He is not a man of hobbies. His greatest pastime is making friends with young men who are just starting out into the world. There are usually two or three at the Deanery.

PAVEMENT STUDIES.

Gertie and the Gulls.

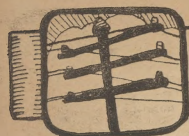
LITTLE Gertie was enjoying herself immensely (I know her name, because I heard her father, the big man in the fur-lined coat, call her.) Feeding gulls was a new experience for her.

She shrieked with joy as the beautiful birds came sweeping round closer and closer to her, crying out for the big pieces she broke off a large currant-loaf to throw to them. "Look, look, look, look, papa, that one got it. Did you see him catch it in his beak?" or else, "Oh! Papa, what a greedy one, isn't he? He takes it every time!"

A little way off stood a tall, gaunt fellow, watching with sad, hungry eyes. He was not of the regular unemployed—that was clear. A mechanic, perhaps, or maybe a clerk.

At last he plucked up all the courage in his poor, empty body. "Beg pardon, missie," he said, "could you spare a little bit? I want it worse than the birds, I believe." Gertie's papa became instantly the "good citizen," intolerant of beggars. "The usual tale," he muttered, and then aloud: "No, no, go away."

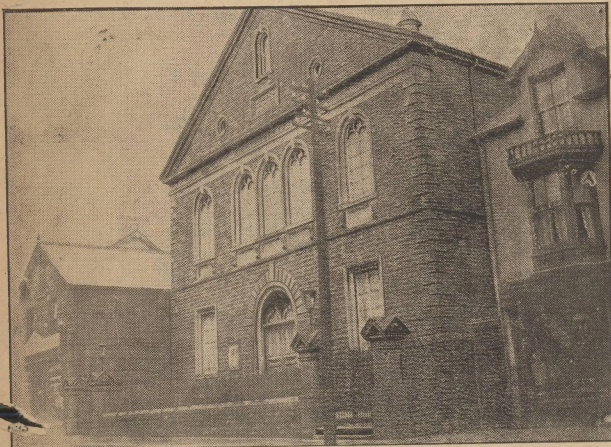
But Gertie had already taken in the situation, and made up her small mind. She slipped off the granite parapet and handed him the loaf without a word. Then she ran back to papa. "He does look much hungrier than the gulls, Papa, doesn't he? It isn't such fun feeding people as it is gulls, but still—" Then she tucked a little hand in her father's big one, prepared to trot away. But somehow the "good citizen" felt uneasy. He left Gertie for a minute, spoke to the man with gruff kindness, and then a coin passed. I thought I caught the glitter of gold. And I am quite certain it was not a fly which papa was trying to get out of his eye when he took little Gertie's hand again and walked her away.



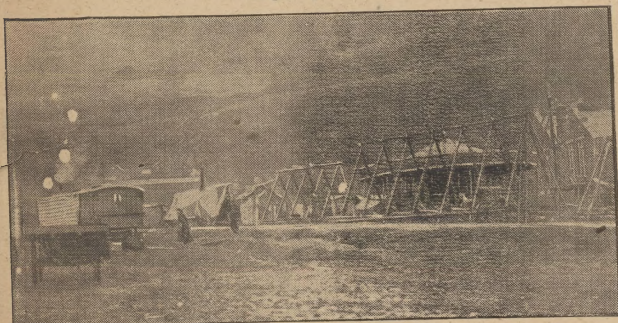
YESTERDAY'S NEWS PHOTOGRAPHED



SCENES OF THE GREAT REVIVALIST'S SUCCESS.



The great Noddfa Chapel, Treorky, where Mr. Evan Roberts preached to some thousands of people with the greatest success. Those who have never been known to pray before kneel and offer up their prayers before the whole world after hearing the great preacher.



Owing to the lack of business caused through the Welsh revival meetings theatres and circuses are closing their doors. Above is a photograph just taken showing a deserted fair at Treorke after the great preacher had left that town.

LATEST MOTOR COSTUMES AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



This is not a new diving-dress designed for ladies, but the latest costume to be worn by fair motorists. It is now being exhibited at the great Automobile Show in Paris.



Two costumes on view at the great Paris motor show. The dress on the right can be used for motoring, walking, or riding.

KILLED FOUR JAPS.



Marianna Schustroff, a Russian peasant woman, who, dressed in a man's uniform, fought at the great battle on the Sha-ho. She boasts that she killed four Japanese during the fight.

SLOCUM DISASTER HEROINE.



Miss Pauline Puetz, who has just been presented with a silver medal by the United States Volunteer Life Saving Association, for her great bravery in saving five children from the burning ship, General Slocum.



The latest photograph from Port Arthur shows the ship is 100 miles of their goal. Although some 100 miles away, the ship is eagerly awaiting the final assault.

LATES



Admiral Sir Edward H. Seymour, G.O.M., has been appointed Admiral of the Fleet, vice Sir Nowell Salmon, G.C.B., retiring.—(Kate Pragne)



A·DAY'S·HAPPENINGS·

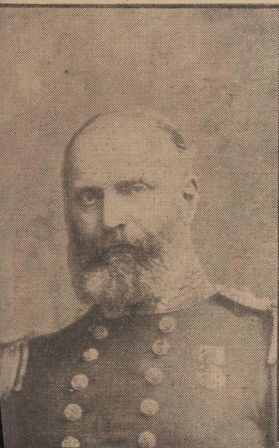


OUR MILES OF PORT ARTHUR.



Some of the men who took part in the first assault on the mighty fortress within four miles of Port Arthur. Comrades were killed or wounded at their side, their spirit is unbroken, and they are ready for the next assault. (Photograph copyright, 1904, Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.)

APPOINTMENTS AND PROMOTIONS.

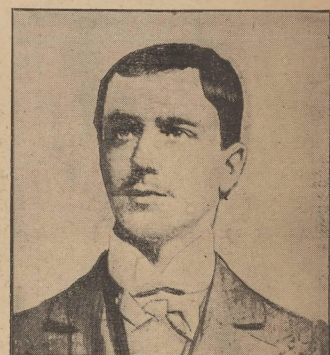


Rear-Admiral Sir Lewis Beaumont, K.C.M.G., who is to succeed Sir Seymour as Commander-in-Chief at Devonport. —(Thomson.)



Rear-Admiral H. D. Parry is to succeed Rear-Admiral R. F. H. Henderson as Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard. —(Russell.)

THE SLAYERS OF MISS FARMER.



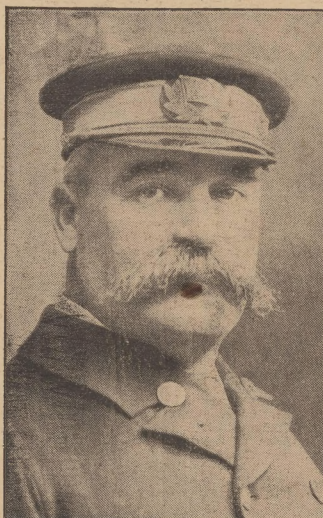
Conrad Donovan (on the left) and Charles Wade (on the right) who are to suffer the extreme penalty of the law at Pentonville prison this morning.

PREPARING FOR THE CHRISTMAS RUSH.



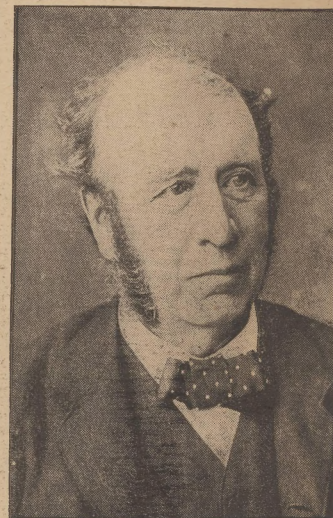
Owing to the enormous amount of work caused by the sending of Christmas greetings and presents, the Post Office is obliged to employ extra hands in all departments. This photograph shows a number of men passing their preliminary test before being engaged as sorters.

LINER AND GUNBOAT FIRE.



Captain Mills, of the Philadelphia, who stopped his ship twice to avoid the shells of a gunboat at target practice. He has addressed a protest to Admiral Seymour. The vessel was carrying a million in specie.

OLDEST M.P. DEAD.



Mr. Spencer Charrington, M.P. for the Mile End Division, and head of the famous brewing firm, has just died at his residence, Hunsdon House, at the age of eighty-six. See page 4. —(Russell.)

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By ANDREW LORING,
Author of "Mr. Smith of England."

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

Sir ALANSON GASCOYNE, Judge of the High Court.

LADY GASCOYNE (Rosamond), his Wife.

RICHARD DEVERILL, in love with Lady Gascoyne. She has compromised herself by visiting his chambers, but of this her husband is still ignorant.

Mrs. LA GRANGE, Lady Gascoyne's friend, a social butterfly, heavily in love with her.

HAROLD SOMERTON, Mrs. La Grange's brother, a blackguard, who has been in prison, but has since made money. Knowing of the intrigues between Deverill and Lady Gascoyne, he blackmails Deverill into helping him to regain his position in society. He has been invited to a secret dinner party by Lady Gascoyne.

GERTRUDE GASCOYNE, the Judge's sister, whom Somerton has set his heart on marrying. She believes his statements that he has been reformed.

HUGH MORDAUNT, a friend of the Gascoynes, who has given way to drink. Gertrude is in love with him.

MISS ELTON, daughter of an Armenian money-lender. On the death of her father she carries on the business, and secretly gives the profits to relieve her distressed countrymen. In love with Mordaunt.

CHAPTER XL.

Hugh Mordaunt Astonished.

When Hugh Mordaunt entered Miriam Elton's large private sitting-room in the Weston hotel he was relieved to find she was not there for the moment. The respite was welcome to him. He saw about him on every hand the passion of the temporary occupant for colour. Brilliant cast dahlias gleamed at him; gorgeous poppies—sent from France—drooped their crimson petals and exposed their saffron hearts; begonias, in many hues, were grouped together in a great bowl in the window; and the sensuous odour of a waxen magnolia bloom, culled from the wall of a sheltered Italian cottage, breathed heavily through the air. Mordaunt was acting from the highest motives. Everything he had told Lady Gascoyne had been true. Circumstances had, unconsciously to himself, placed him in a position in which he felt himself compelled to propose to Miriam Elton. So naively had her love for him been displayed and expressed; so entirely had she seemed to take it for granted that his feeling kept step with hers; so kindly, so unselfishly had she tried to aid him in every way, that he felt himself absolutely bound.

He could not help smiling at the absurdity of the situation. He, penniless, without prospects, with a record not precisely creditable but certainly without credit to him, came here with lagging footsteps and a heavy heart, to ask for the hand of a girl, young, beautiful, and rich.

As he stood there meditating the smile, however, passed quickly from his lips. The great fact stared Mordaunt in the face that he had smashed the ideals of this lonely girl—that if he turned away from her now she had nothing left. It was for him of him that she had flung herself to give up her occupation and desert her distressed countrymen. These considerations, and gratitude, thus brought him with sinking heart and dismal face to the hotel this day to ask her to be his wife. And all the time in his sub-conscious thought was always the memory of Gertrude Gascoyne. Her face before him as he turned to greet Miriam Elton, and an air of assumed vexation. In the bright sunshine of a seaside place he saw the Oriental side of her much more marked. In contrast with the fresh sparkling-eyed English girls, rushing about seeking exercise and health, her indolent, languorous movements, her rather elaborate dress, her dark skin, which she always carefully guarded with veil and shade from the sun, marked her as belonging to another people and another climate.

"Thank you for coming so promptly," she cried. "See, you must give me your advice."

She waved her hand towards an immense envelope on the table from which, as it lay open, looked the ends of a number of letters which had been forwarded from her London address. Mordaunt knew, and she knew, that she did not really care for his advice at all. It was her half-childish excuse to her own heart, for summoning him to her side, and it gave her a reason for chafing him there when he had come.

"I thought you had given it all up," he said, as he took his seat by her side at the table.

"So I have," she cried, laughing gaily. "But there are always things to be finished up. You shall help me; we will be kind to all these people. I will do exactly what you tell me. Oh, dear, what a lot there are. Do you mind?—I am afraid it will keep you here for some time."

As a matter of fact, nearly all these cases had been dealt with by her manager; but at her request all letters received during the past few days had been sent on to her. She loved to sit there by his side, listening to his voice, sometimes thrilling at the touch of his sleeve, as he stretched out an arm to pick up a paper. If he had told her to forgive each and every debtor whose letter lay before them, both principal and interest, she would have been happy in carrying out his wishes.

The handwriting on one envelope brought an angry frown to her brow. She drew out the enclosure, and found the envelope signed.

"It is good that I give up this business," she said, with a little shiver, as she laid the letter before Mordaunt. "This comes from the worst man I have ever known."

There was a dark flush on her cheek as she remembered that the lips of this worst man she had never known had once brushed hers. She wondered if she would have the courage ever to confess it to the man who sat by her side.

"From Harold Somerton," said Mordaunt, as he read the letter, which had neither heading nor date.

"Yes, he has got money somehow, somewhere. You see he wishes to be respectable now, but he is not sincere."

"This will explain it," said Mordaunt. "He speaks of two notes which are for amounts which he once owed your father. He paid them off, he says, but offers to discharge them over again, if the books do not show the payment. Rather generous for him, isn't it?"

"Ah, you do not understand," cried Miss Elton.

"She unlocked a writing-case and put before Mordaunt that typewritten translation of Harold Somerton's record, which on one memorable night he had shown to the man himself.

Mordaunt's brow grew dark as he read the black record, and remembered that he had seen the man walking up and down a lane with Gertrude Gascoyne by his side.

"You see what he is," said Miriam. "Now, these two promissory notes to which he refers are not mentioned in this record. My father, sometimes had to work with all kinds of tools—Harold Somerton was one. My father always tried to get some kind of a hold on these dangerous people, who were so useful to him. Somerton brought him many valuable customers, and received a commission, but sometimes he borrowed small sums himself when he was in great need. One of these notes was for five hundred pounds, the other for three hundred. My father forgave him the debt."

"An unusual proceeding," said Mordaunt dryly. He wished that this girl had not chosen at this moment to display so openly to him the seamy side of her father's occupation. He had already made up his mind that he would not use for himself a penny of her money, of money which came through channels so devious, so unpleasant. Precisely how he was going to avoid it, having neither income nor that comely with himself in surrendering to what he believed to be his duty.

"You will understand in a minute," she said; "here are the notes."

He turned them over. "Carlton Haynes," he cried, as he deciphered the bold handwriting, "what a curious thing. I should have thought a rich man like Haynes would have lent him the money rather than have become responsible for it in this way."

"This man, Somerton," said Miriam, "produced a letter from Mr. Haynes on his headed paper, stating the reason for this becoming responsible. Now, my father suspected that all these were forgeries at the time."

"Ah," cried Mordaunt, as a sudden light illuminated the circumstances, "he forgave the debt, kept the notes under some excuse, and thus always had a hold on Somerton."

"That is it," replied the young lady, "and Mr. Somerton does not know that I know that a crime has been committed. This is his fourth attempt to get back these papers. I sent for them when I first came down here because my maid told me that he was in the neighbourhood. She saw him when she went over once to take a note to you."

"Yes, he was there. Heaven knows how, or why."

"He has gone," said Miss Elton, "or I should have used them. Do you know, Mr. Mordaunt, that he was actually staying with Mr. Deverill?"

"Yes," cried Mordaunt shortly, "I spoke to Mr. Deverill about it. We had rather a violent scene, Deverill actually defended the man, declared that he had reformed entirely, that there was nothing really discreditable in his past—amazing."

"And Mr. Deverill really said that?"

"He did. I was dumfounded; I never suspected Deverill of being a sentimentalist. We both lost our tempers, I am afraid."

Miss Elton hesitated for a moment. She could not resist a temptation which suddenly assailed her.

"She had never mentioned in words the name of Gertrude Gascoyne to Hugh Mordaunt. Though she was thoroughly convinced now that nothing lay between these two, she wished to see how he would receive the name."

"My maid told me," she said, "that she could not see Mr. Deverill. She had some sad, I believe, about some mysterious grave she is hunting up. Mr. Deverill was at luncheon, she saw them all through the window. This man, Somerton was there, and Lady Gascoyne—and Miss Gascoyne."

"I heard of it," answered Mordaunt, in his quietest manner. "I could not understand, but I was sure that there had been a mistake; that they did not know all about the man. I spoke to Judge Gascoyne."

"Oh, did you," interrupted the young lady, her colour slightly heightened; "you wished to protect Miss Gascoyne, I suppose?"

"And her ladyship. It was profanation that either should be there."

"When you told Miss Gascoyne," said Miss Elton, in her most off-hand manner, "she dropped him, I suppose?"

"I did not see her to speak to."

Miriam Elton could not conceal her pleasure at

this news. Latent jealousy died. Mordaunt had been for days and weeks in the neighbourhood of Gertrude Gascoyne, he had been an inveterate reverberator from ill-repute, and yet, they had not met. Whatever Gertrude Gascoyne's feeling for him might have been, he did not return it, did not know that it existed.

Miss Elton had given much consideration to the singular report which Jane Brown had given her, a report quite casually tendered, in stating the results of a visit for which a day's leave of absence had been asked. Miss Elton had inherited her fair share of her father's cunning, and her singular training had developed the characteristic. She had some fairly definite suspicions about this singular gathering round Deverill's table. Her sympathy for Gertrude Gascoyne had been somewhat cooled. It flushed into flame now under the stimulating breeze of Mordaunt's apparent indifference to that young lady.

Miss Elton threw out vague hints. Mordaunt listened, concealing his surprise. He asked what she meant—pressed her for particulars. He indignantly denied the veiled suggestion. Lady Gascoyne and Deverill were perhaps too friendly. He was so angry about it that the girl was quite alarmed. He spoke to her with a sternness absolutely new in him. She wished to justify her charge. He positively refused to listen, and flatly denied the possibility of such a thing.

"Well, suppose," she cried, "that Mr. Deverill and Lady Gascoyne are very friendly, quite innocently though. Suppose that in some horrid way or other this man Somerton has some kind of a hold on them. Isn't that the only way you can account for his being there? You know, Mr. Mordaunt, that neither Mr. Deverill nor Lady Gascoyne are quite what you would call very innocent people, are they?"

"I must admit," answered Mordaunt, "that I thought both of them knew their way about pretty well. She gave me a full explanation yesterday. You do not know, perhaps, that her most intimate friend is the sister of this man. She was kind to him for an hour or two for Mrs. La Grange's sake. But let us drop the subject. How much longer do you expect to remain in Weston?"

Miss Elton, chastened in spirit, responded gently that she thought she would soon be returning to London. She felt distinctly snubbed. Mordaunt was glacial in his manner. Nothing in Miriam Elton, her occupation, her unconventional manner, had so repelled him as this gossiping and unbecoming accusation against Lady Gascoyne. For the first time he thought he had discerned a streak of innate vulgarity in the girl.

In her eager efforts to thaw him she talked rapidly of one thing and another, laughed and chattered, in fact, as she never had before; and she got more and more wrought up and nervous as she found that she could not extract a smile from lips set in sombre straightness.

At last, almost hysterical, she burst out with a reiteration of her charge against Lady Gascoyne. What did she care in that moment that she was revealing secrets of that business which she had cast behind her now? Mordaunt listened to her outpouring storm of words with a fast-growing conviction that the girl was speaking truths. She summoned up her interview with Lady Gascoyne with a trained precision, which brought out the damning facts with crushing force; and she finished her story with an impassioned inquiry as to whether he believed it now.

He did absolutely, but his reply was a cold rebuke for having told him. He was sick at heart, as he thought of the noble-hearted, generous-minded, unsuspecting Sir Alanson Gascoyne. Miriam Elton was terrified at the result of her outbreak. She seemed to have placed an impassable barrier between herself and this man whom she adored. His manner conveyed to her that she had committed an unforgivable wrong in presuming to comment thus on the lives of those in a social position apart from hers.

"Oh, don't you see what I suspect, what I fear? This man Somerton—capable of everything—Deverill, a man of the world, who knows all about him; Lady Gascoyne, whose eyes are very wide open, and who sees everything—now, is there any mystery behind the presence of Miss Gascoyne at that luncheon?"

"What do you suspect?" cried Mordaunt hoarsely.

"I suspect," she answered, "that this man has got hold of their secret, that he is forcing them to do as he wills. What that will is I cannot tell—but why should Miss Gascoyne have been dragged into it? Is there some plot against her?"

Mordaunt looked at her amazed. This child who had opened smiling her love for him ten minutes ago, was now the astute and suspicious woman, whose knowledge of human baseness was so much greater than his that she could follow a thread which his eyes could not discern.

"You may be right," he cried. "Where is he?"

He snatched up the envelope.

"Bayoune," he cried, astonished, as he read the postmark, "and she, too, is there. I shall go to her now—this moment."

Without another word he snatched up his hat, and turned and hurried from the room.

Miriam Elton started after him for one incredulous instant, then fell into a seat by the side of the table and bent her head on her hands and sobbed aloud.

"He loves her, after all," was her despairing thought.

(To be continued.)

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WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

A Word Which Often Changed Its Meaning.

The only way to answer the question raised in the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, as to the meaning and definition of the word "gentleman," is to go back and trace the changes in the common use of it. We shall then see how custom has worn away the old meanings, and set a new one, like the new impression of a coin, upon it.

When the word came into being, it had a social or heraldic meaning only. A gentleman was either a man of "gentle" birth or a man who had won for himself the same heraldic status as those of gentle birth. A gentleman was one who could bear arms, in both senses of the word, and deal blows to inferior folk with impunity.

NATURE'S GENTLEMEN.

The "inferior folk" often resented the use of this word even in those days. They used to ask ironically:—

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

This was meant to ridicule the pretensions of people with long pedigrees and no other claim to respect.

As the Middle Ages grew old, men began to notice that the "gentle" half of the word did not always apply to the owners. Thus we find old Skelton, the sour poet of King Henry VIII.'s day, writing, with commendable originality of spelling this reproach:—

"Thow thou be a jantilly man borne,
Yet jentylness in thee is thread-bare worne."

Already, then, people were beginning to see that there ought to be a gentleness of manner, as well as of birth, in the true gentleman.

By 1614, this tendency had gone so far that even a lawyer—Selden—defined the word thus:—
"He that is both descended from truly Noble Parentage, and withal following their steps or adding to their name, is the Gentleman that may glorie in his title."

At that date, then, a gentleman had to be both of noble birth and of noble manners. A nobly mannered postboy could never be a gentleman.

Women about this time seem to have come to regard "gentlemen" as rather inferior folk. That is a good sign; it shows that "gentleman" was sometimes applied to quiet, well-mannered people whom women are wont to dislike. Thus we have Lady Bertie, at the end of the seventeenth century, writing: "There are no *men of quality* but the Duke of Monmouth; all the rest are *gentlemen*." How dreadful!

GENTLEMEN AND NOBLEMEN.

Time goes on, and the word is more and more used of character alone. Quaker William (1659) would "rather prove himself to be a gentleman by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, than by a fond ostentation of riches." Steele in 1710 says that the word "is never to be fixed to a man's Circumstances, but to his behaviour in them."

Much later, in our own day, Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," summed up the change of meaning when he made a character say: "He is a gentleman, my dear, which a nobleman sometimes is not."

The word has come then, under the transforming hand of Time, to refer mainly to character. But it is undeniable that it still retains some social flavour as well. For instance, "a gentleman" hangs about the idea still lingers, that a man of leisure is more of a gentleman than a working man. Thus Ben Jonson, in Elizabethan days, makes a fine fellow exclaim, "I have land and money, my friends left me well, and I will be a gentleman whate'er it cost me." Again, De Foe (1726) said of a rich tradesman, who was retiring from business, that he "laid the Tradesman down and commenced Gentleman." And even Charles Darwin, that unaffected old "gentleman" of science, once wrote to a friend, after he had given up active work, "Now I am so completely a gentleman that I have a little difficulty to pass the day."

This meaning of "gentleman" hangs about the word yet. Do not we talk of "Gentlemen and Players" on the cricket field? Obviously many still think that the true gentleman is he who has nothing to do, and who does it condescendingly.

Can one be a gentleman, finally, if one drops one's H's?

That is a question we must leave our readers to decide for themselves.

CIGAR AS WEAPON OF DEFENCE.

M. Sardou, the famous "dramatic talent," as he has been called because of his habit of making parts to order, tells a grimly amusing story in a Paris paper of an experience which befell a friend of his who was once "held up" in Paris by a ferocious individual who demanded his purse.

M. Sardou's friend was smoking a cigar. He at once began to fumble in his pocket with his left hand, pretending to look for money. Then, the footpad's attention being engaged, he took his cigar out of his mouth with his right hand, and plunged the lighted end into the robber's eye. The robber yelled with pain and made off.

GENIUS MISUNDERSTOOD.

PAINTER WHOSE DELICATE ART OBSCURED HIS TRUE PERSONALITY.

MEMORIALS OF EDWARD BURN-JONES. By G. B.-J. Macmillan and Co.

Many people are inclined to think of the pre-Raphaelite movement connected with Sir Edward Burne-Jones and his friends as vaguely given up to a kind of feeble æstheticism, with something "decadent" about it.

The delightful glimpses we get in these volumes by Lady Burne-Jones, of her husband as a man may serve once more to show how healthy, how vigorous, and how true the leaders of the movement and its aims.

Burne-Jones, certainly, was always a dreamer. His dreams were given to the world as such, and were meant to be a restful contrast to all that is necessarily mechanical and hard in the real life around us. Even at school Burne-Jones was "inattentive." "What are you thinking about?" they used to say. He used to answer "Camels," as a likely thing for a little boy to think about!

When the boy went to Oxford he was full of shifting plans and projects. He thought at one time of going into the Church. At Exeter College, where his wonderful tapestry design, with its portraits of Swinburne and Morris, may now be seen, he met the friend of his life—William Morris. They sat one evening next one another in hall, and fell into talk together. That conversation, with little interruption, may be said to have continued during the lifetime of both. But these young men were not prigs. We hear of Burne-Jones "pouring basins of water" on the crowd below a friend's room, and remarking, "What fun by Jove!" he heard of Morris, who heard that Morris was called "Topsy," which does not sound a decadent name.

"GREATEST GENIUS ON EARTH."

What enthusiasm they all had! One day Holman Hunt went into Rossetti's studio while "Topsy" was drawing, and Burne-Jones himself was painting; and the young man writes to his father: "A glorious day it has been. There entered the greatest genius on earth alive—William Holman Hunt. Such a grand-looking fellow, with a great, wiry, golden beard—oh, such a man!" The same enthusiasm for everything—even breakfast! This was how Burne-Jones ordered breakfast of him, when he was living with Morris in the Red Lion-square: "Marry, let us have quarts of hot coffee, pyramids of toast, and multitudinous quantities of milk."

Those were the days of their youth. Long afterwards Burne-Jones was a little saddened; he did not appreciate the new art movements, his friends died, and no new ones came. But to the end, at least, when he was living with Morris in the Red Lion-square: "Marry, let us have quarts of hot coffee, pyramids of toast, and multitudinous quantities of milk."

THE COLONIAL DOMESTIC.

Some of Lady Broome's Memories of Life in the Colonies.

If you want to know the real intimate life of the Colonies you cannot possibly do better than study "Colonial Memories," by Lady Broome. (5th, 10s. 6d.) Lady Broome's husband was a good worker as a Colonial Administrator and Governor, and she has lived in many queer places. The servant problem was one of her difficulties, and she gossips along in her amusing way about her trials. She first suffered in New Zealand.

"Some of the various reasons the maids gave for leaving were truly absurd," says Lady Broome. "Once I came into the kitchen on a bright winter morning to find them seated on a sort of sofa—made of chintz-covered boxes—clashed in each other's arms and weeping bitterly. With difficulty I got out of them that their sole grievance was the sound of the bleating of the sheep, a 'mob' of which were feeding on the nearest hill. It was 'lonesome like,' and they must return to town immediately."

In Western Australia the problem took another form, but can have been hardly less distressing.

"To see one's housemaid at church absolutely covered with sham diamonds, large rings outside her gloves, huge solitary earrings, and at least half a dozen brooches stuck about her, was, to say the least, not startling; so was the appearance of my head cook whom I sent hurriedly for once, after dinner, and who appeared in an evening dress of black net and silver. I also recognised the kitchenmaid at a concert in a magnificent pale green evening dress, which, taken in conjunction with her scarlet hair, was rather conspicuous."

No wonder the Chinese boy "found favour in Australia as a domestic servant."

KING EDWARD AND THE MONKS.

Even in the most comfortable monastery, monks must have a solitary time of it. What must the solitude and gloom of the monks of St. Bernard, in their frozen home, be like?

King Edward paid them a visit long ago, in 1858, and was so struck by this thought that he presented them with a piano, wherewith to wile away the time.

The monks played hard on the piano, and it got quite worn out. The King heard of this, and he has now sent from Bern, over the snow-covered passes and hills, a new piano, which the monks have received with joy, as a cure for winter dullness.



UP-TO-DATE WARMING-PAN.

I have made a small discovery which quite surpasses the old-fashioned hot water bottle, and which your readers may find useful this cold weather.

I have fixed a long wire to the electric light in my bedroom, and take the lamp to bed with me. It is delightful.

S. P. MASON.
Sutherland-avenue, W.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

With Christmas Day falling on Sunday, we shall all lose a day's holiday, unless employers grant an extra day of their own free will.

Cannot the Early Closing Association appeal to all employers of labour to grant the much valued day's holiday? That seems the only way of saving the day for the workers. FRANK D. WAKING.
Queen's Walk, Nottingham.

HOT ASHES AND HORSES' FEET.

It is satisfactory to see so many businesses adopting motor-wagons instead of horse-drawn drays. But they ought not to drop red-hot coal along the street, as I saw one doing in Grosvenor-place this morning. Even if stepping on such a thing did not actually damage a horse's foot, it would frighten him very much and might easily cause an accident.

R. O. M.
Marlborough-mansions, December 9.

REMEDY WORSE THAN DISEASE.

I read Mr. Percy Alden's letter with dismay. Is he really serious in asking people to keep alive ten thousand infants who now die every year under one year of age owing to privation, etc.?

If he is taken seriously the remedy is far worse than the disease.

Let people learn to suit their families to their incomes and realise something of the awful reality of the world doomed to the miseries of poverty in its cruellest forms.

Then, with an efficient Aliens Bill, we shall perchance one day, now far distant, dare to speak of "Happy England" again.

ONE OF THE SUFFERERS.
Hotel Continental, Plymouth.

TOURISTS AND TIPPING.

May I mention a question which has long puzzled myself and fellow-travellers? In registering luggage through from London to Berlin or Leipzig via Flushing, it passes through Holland, and one is relieved of anxiety until the German frontier is reached.

Every porter obsequiously produces it for examination, and the owner repacks it for the van. Before taking it away the porter touches his cap in suppliant eagerness, though the passenger has not employed him. As a youthful traveller I tipped two porters in this way. Was I right or wrong? Had my servant of the Customs officers any right to a tip?

I saw a notice on the Russian frontier that such porters are entitled to fifteen copecks, but after receiving twenty a porter still asked me *na tshei* (tea money). The Customs ordeal is sufficient without tips.

AGAMEMNON.

STORIES FROM THE STAGE.

Anecdotes Told by Actresses in the Christmas "Pelican."

The "Pelican," as usual, devotes its Christmas number to a collection of stories by well-known members of the stage, and funny indeed some of the stories are.

Miss Louie Frear tells a story which is very appropriate at the moment of pantomime preparations, and draws special attention to the fact that she is not the heroine of it. It happened some years ago in a provincial town.

The Fairy Queen had to enter as a witch, her fairy dress hidden by a loose cloak and hood. At a given cue the cloak was to be pulled off, and everything, trap by strings, leaving her in her full glory. Unfortunately the strings were worked so vigorously that not only her cloak came off but nearly everything she had on!

A SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY.

Another good story is signed by Miss Fanny Ward, and tells how Mr. William Gillette, who played Sherlock Holmes at the Lyceum, was compelled to play the part in private life.

One lady member of the company was so convinced of his ability, that when she had need of a detective's services she hurried to Mr. Gillette with her trouble.

"We're bad thieves at home," she told him. "The strangest things keep going."

Mr. Gillette naturally assumed an intense expression of fixed attention. "What articles have disappeared?" he asked.

"Well, there was a silver-backed hairbrush, a beautiful silk ten-gown, a lampshade, frame, and everything, lost if not stolen, a rug, a box of golf balls, a pile of croquet hoops, and a bunch of bananas."

Mr. Gillette nodded, and smiled serenely. It was quite clear. Said he: "You keep a goat!"

Flatulence

IS NOT MERELY
RELIEVED
BUT

Cured by

BEING
PREVENTED
THROUGH TAKING

Tablones.

Flatulence is caused through Bowel Indigestion—that is, failure to Digest Bread, Potatoes, Beans, and other starchy foods, all of which are not digested in the Stomach but in the Bowel. If you wet such food as this, and put it in a bowl and keep it warm, it will ferment and create gases. The same kind of fermentation occurs in the Bowel when this food is not digested. Three-fourths of all cases of Indigestion are of this kind, and that is why so many Indigestion medicines do not cure. All ordinary Indigestion medicines contain Pepsin, which cures Stomach Indigestion, but only Stomach Indigestion. That, however, represents only one case in four.

Tablones, besides containing the Pepsin necessary to cure Stomach Indigestion, also contain another wonderful newly-discovered medicine, which is only sold in this form, and which completely digests all kinds of starchy foods, and, therefore, also cures Bowel or Starchy Indigestion—that is, all kinds of Indigestion. There is nothing else sold which will do this. Remember, there are three cases of Bowel Indigestion for one case of Stomach Indigestion; also that BOWEL INDIGESTION ALONE CREATES FLATULENCE, and is also the cause of Constipation, and all the discomfort and misery which are found with this trouble—that is, Headache and Heaviness, Nausea, Lack of Appetite, Furred Tongue, and Lack of Energy and Dislike for Work, Blisters, with Spots before the Eyes, and often Palpitation, Lassitude of the Blood, and often the formation of acid in it, which causes Rheumatism, etc.

Doctors and public have for many years desired such a medicine as Tablones, because all the old indigestion medicines, which generally contain Pepsin, failed to cure three cases out of four, because they did not have any medicine which would digest the starchy foods. TRY TABLONES—THEIR ACTION IS IDEAL, BEING IN PERFECT IMITATION OF NATURE. There is no griping, or pain, or discomfort, because Tablones perfectly digest all kinds of food, and thus give the system every particle of nourishment which it contains, besides clearing the system of all excrementitious matter.

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Read the following testimonials, written by a few of many hundreds of persons who have been positively cured:—

1, Holly-villes, Wellesley Avenue, Hammersmith, Messrs. The Capsuloid Co., Ltd., 31, Snow-hill, London. Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in stating that, after having given your Tablones a fair trial, I have found them to be all you claim for them. They appear to act in perfect imitation of nature, and for reinvigorating the digestive organs and purifying the blood they are far in advance of anything I have yet tried. I have suffered for a good many years with severe Indigestion and Constipation with all their attendant evils—an impoverished system, loss of physical and mental energy, wasted flesh, etc.—but the Tablones I have already taken have done me a lot of good, and I am convinced they are the proper remedy for the ailments against which they are directed. You are at liberty to use this in any way you may think proper.—Yours truly,

W. M. BENTEN.

39, High-street, Folkestone.

To the Capsuloid Co., Ltd. Gentlemen,—I have been a great sufferer from Indigestion for many years, and have used many treatments, but with little effect. A short time ago I tried your Tablones with very beneficial results, and I am of opinion that they are all that you claim for them. I can strongly recommend them, and shall have pleasure in so doing.—Yours faithfully,

J. NIGHTINGALL.

Debragur, Assam, India. Dear Sirs,—Please post me four boxes of your Tablones, for which I enclose cheque. I have used them now for several months, and found them the most efficient remedy. I know of nothing else so good for Dyspepsia in the Bowel.—Yours truly,

Major H. W. G. COLE.

Grange-road, West Middleborough. Messrs. The Capsuloid Co., Ltd., 31, Snow-hill, London. Dear Sirs,—I have used your Tablones during the past month for Indigestion, and find them all you claim them to be. They have been so useful in my case, I only need now to take one with dinner, and my food gets perfectly digested.—Yours faithfully,

W. MUTHCHINSON.

TABLONES are put up only in neat boxes, which are most conveniently carried in the pocket. The boxes are of two sizes, 2s. 6d. If four small boxes, or two large boxes, are ordered at one time from us, and this coupon enclosed, special sample will be sent.

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HOW WOMEN CARRY THEIR VALUABLES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PRACTICAL POCKETS.

VARIOUS WAYS OF AIDING THE DRESSMAKERS.

Since the dressmakers decided not to cope further with the difficult pocket question women have taken it in hand themselves, and have evolved many a quaint and useful scheme.

The very latest idea is the American ribbon pocket, a dainty thing that hangs like a chatelaine

While the ordinary skirt pocket is a thing unknown to dressmakers nowadays, most of the little bolero coats are made with a small flat one in the silk lining, like a man's breast coat pocket. These are particularly easy to get at and most convenient.

The habit of using the superfluous fulness at the wrist of the sleeve as a receptacle for handkerchiefs and various other things has become impossible now that deep tight cuffs are once more the fashion. A number of tailors are, however, placing a quaint little patch-pocket on the cuffs of the coats they make.

A pocket hidden among the frills at the foot of the underskirt is still fairly popular. Yet the efforts

of the head of the deep circular frill and fastens together with a couple of slit grips, thus being rendered invisible and too high up to impede the action of walking.

The palm of the glove is also used as a pocket, and sometimes a tiny purse is made in one with it. The latest glove handkerchiefs are diminutive squares of hemstitched cambric, of the most delicate shades or pure white.

TWO USEFUL ADJUNCTS.

BORAX AND AMMONIA IN THE KITCHEN.

Borax and ammonia will be found most useful if they are employed intelligently by the housewife, for they both dissolve dirt and grease, and besides possess other useful properties.

Borax may be used with advantage for washing the most delicate fabrics, and if fine handkerchiefs, underlinen, laces, and so forth are soaked in a weak solution of it, to which has been added a little soap, they will require very little rubbing to remove the dirt.

A few spoonfuls of a borax solution added to the hot soapy water in which silver, glass, and china are washed will give these articles additional lustre. It may also be employed for cleaning hairbrushes in the proportion of three or four spoonfuls to a quart of water, and it should be remembered that the water for this purpose should be only tepid, and there should be sufficient to wet the bristles, but not the back of the brush. The brushes should then be rinsed well in several waters, and be finished with quite cold water.

Borax may be used for softening the bath water and as a mouth-wash in the proportion of about two tablespoonfuls of the solution to a pint of water. The following will be found a good way to make a solution of borax. Put one quart of boiling water over the fire with four tablespoonfuls of powdered borax in it, and when it is dissolved cool and bottle it. If a larger proportion of borax is used it will crystallise in the solution.

Ammonia is more powerful than borax, and so it will be found better for very soiled and oily fabrics or substances. It should be recollected, however, that it should not be used on paint or plated ware. But ammonia neutralises the action of acids, so if acid has been spilled on marble a little ammonia should be poured on the spot and the action will cease; or if an acid has been spilled on a fabric and changed the colour of it it should be sponged with diluted ammonia and the colour will be restored.

Also, if a little ammonia is added to the water in which black goods or carpets are sponged it will clean and brighten the colours considerably.

PARIS IN LONDON.

An exceptionally good chance occurs to-day and to-morrow of acquiring beautiful blouses, dinner-gowns, tailor-made costumes, and so forth, all



Some of the latest substitutes for the pockets still denied women by their dress-makers and tailors.

at one side of the waist, and so far from being, like most pockets, a disfigurement makes a charming finish to any frock. It is composed of ribbon to match the gown, and is embellished with braid or embroidery and silken fringe. Only one yard of ribbon, about 3 1/2 in. wide, is required for its construction, and this should, of course, be of a fairly sturdy calibre.

This is folded over a large gold or gilded safety-pin, by means of which the pocket is pinned to the waistband of the dress. Of the ends of ribbon the underneath one should be seven inches longer than the upper one. Each little pocket is 4 1/2 in. deep, and the top is finished with a hera that is rolled over inside with the double purpose of hiding the stitches and giving additional firmness.

For Ballroom Cards and 'Kerchiefs.

These charming accessories, one of which will be seen sketched on this page, are really intended to carry only a handkerchief and cardcase, but they may be made quite safe for a small purse if contrived to fasten with those little clips used now for the pocket-holes of gowns. With evening gowns they supply a long-felt want, and might have been purposely invented for holding a programme and the lace handkerchiefs that are so liable to get lost when tucked precariously into a waistband or the front of a gown. In this capacity they should be made of ribbon to match the frock exactly, and gold thread, pearls, or other jewels may be used in their ornamentation, or sprays of ribbon embroidery may make them the acme of daintiness.

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